He is within with two reuerend *Fathers*,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buc. Returne good Catesby to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe designes and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile tell him what you say my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull soule,
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himselfe the soueraignty thereon,
But sure *I* feare we shall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay,
Enter Catesby:
Buc. I feare he will, how now Catesby,
What sayes your *Lord*?
Cat. My *L.* he wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before,
My *Lord*, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory *I* am my noble cousen should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at there beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweete is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich. and two Bishops aloft.
Maior. See where he stands between two Clergy men.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend fauourable eares to my request,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleasure?
Buc. Euen that *I* hope which pleaseth God aboue
And all good men of this vngouerned *Ile*.
Glo I do suspect, *I* haue done some offence,
That seemes disgratious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buc. You haue my *Lord*: would it please your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Els wherefore breath *I* in a Christian land?
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supreame Seate, the *Throne* maiesticall,
The Sceptred office of your Auncestors,
The lineall glory of your royall House,
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke:
Whilest in the mildnesse of your sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countryes good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with stars of infamie,
And almost shouldred in this swallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke obliuion:
Which to recure we heartily solicite
Your *Gracious* selfe to take on you the soueraignty thereof,
Not as Protecter, *Steward*, *Substitute*,
Nor lawly Factor for an others gaine,
But as successiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this consorted with the Citizens,
Your worshipfull and very louing friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust sute come *I* to moue your Grace.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317) LONDON, 1605 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.49) Octavo